

MARVEL
21st Apr 90

THE REAL

NO97 45p

© 1984 Columbia Pictures
Industries Inc.

GHOSTBUSTERS™



ISSN 0954-9404



9 770954 940011

16



What's that on the cover? It must be the biggest Easter egg that you've ever seen, but you can find out more about it in this week's **Winston's Diary**! Anyway, on with issue ninety-seven of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS**, and what an exciting, action-packed Easter issue it is too. Firstly, **The Real Ghostbusters** have to deal with a meddlesome nanny who keeps untidying the immaculate playroom of two thoroughly immaculate children. You can find out what happens in **Scary Poppins**!

Secondly, there's Part Three of **Ghost Gangsters** in which **The Real Ghostbusters** have to shoot it out with undead hoodlums intent on ruling New York. So don't waste a second, you dirty rats.

CONTENTS

| | |
|--|----|
| Scary Poppins! | 3 |
| Spengler's Spirit Guide | 9 |
| Winston's Diary | 10 |
| Ghostbusters' Fact File: Ghost-Nappers! | 13 |
| Ghost Gangsters! - Part Three | 15 |
| Dead True | 20 |
| Ghost Writing | 21 |
| Slime Time/Newsagents' Coupon | 23 |
| Next Issue/Blimey! It's Slimer! | 24 |

Cover by BRIAN WILLIAMSON, DAVE HARWOOD and ROBIN BOUTTELL
Editor STUART BARTLETT Assistant Editor DEBORAH TATE
Spirit Guide DAN ABNETT



POWER OF THE ABC
UNIVERSITY OF COMICS

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™ is published by MARVEL COMICS LTD, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2. THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS title, logo design (including the HQ logo featured on this page) characters, artwork and stories are copyright © 1994 Columbia Pictures Industries, Inc. and copyright © 1990 Columbia Pictures Television, a division of CPT Holdings, Inc. All rights reserved. The GHOSTBUSTERS logo and logo design are licensed trademarks from Columbia Pictures Industries, Inc. All other material is copyright © 1990 Marvel Comics Ltd. All rights reserved. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions in this magazine with any living, dead or undead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the UK and distributed by Comag.

THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDEMORE



JANINE
MELNITZ



SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



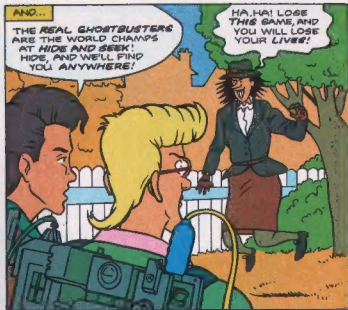
SCARY POPPINS!











SLIMER!

IT HAS MORE SLIME PER SQUARE INCH
THAN ANY OTHER COMIC-
AND WHO'S RESPONSIBLE?



ON SALE EVERY MONTH
From **Marvel**®

SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE

The *Erudlian Chronicles* of *Middle Erudlia* tell of how, in AD 274, King Panhandal, The Cherubic of Countenance and Kumquat-like of Belly, announced by proclamation that he required a nurse or nanny to take over the rearing of his son and heir, Nonstik, who was, at the time, two years old. The *Chronicles* (and I'm using P.D.Q. Blubberhouse's classic translation) relate how out of the desert, a strange young woman appeared, dressed in black robes and a black hat, carrying a sun shade and singing a remarkably daft song about various things she was particularly fond of. She had come, she announced in the presence of the spherical monarch, in answer to his ad for a Nanny that she'd spied in the previous week's *Middle Erudlian Cuneiform Tablet and Racing Post* in the 'Help Wanted' impressions. Her name, she said, was Tjoolandrooz. The king was most taken by her manner and even more taken by the other daft ditty that she kept breaking into about gulping down sack loads of sugar every-time something you didn't like turned up. He appointed her on the spot. Which was why, fifteen years later, Panhandal and his entire race was wiped out in ghastly and not-to-be-repeated ways by the monstrous, possessed crea-



PART 97

ture that had been his son, Nonstik. Tjoolandrooz was, you see, a Class six shape-shifter demon called Jamfontly who had used all those years in the role of nanny, to bring up the child in a monstrous way. Jamfontly's machinations weren't the only time that the supernatural has tried to influence the course of human events by indoctrination at an early age. The infant Frintly Bambleharp, the most despicable graffiti artist ever to plague the Assyrian Empire (with slogans like 'Down with a wolf on the fold'), was believed to have been raised by a screamhaggard in the guise of his uncle Morag. Bexley the Underpanting, possibly the most ferocious Mongol leader ever to trouble the quiet hills of Kenilworth, spent his formative years in the care of Ukklustre, a

Class nine major servitor. Even the horrendous exploits of Timothy Wingle-puffer, the Demon Rector of Samarkand can be put down to the fact that his piano teacher between the ages of 6 to 15 was, in fact, Gozer the Gozerian and not 'nice Mrs Richardson' at all. An interesting subtext to this topic, however, is the case of Maria, a nanny suspected of demonic inclination by her employers, Valeria and Torquill Marmoset. After weeks of grisly sounds emanating from the nursery, they called in a priest and explained that they feared Maria was of supernatural form. She exhibited all the correct symptoms – black clothes, brolly, good singing voice and she knew all the words to a song about mountains. Luckily, the priest recognised that it was the Marmosets, Valerie, Torquill and little Graham, who were in fact a family of polymorphed quasi-ghouls and that Maria was quite normal. Whilst Maria kept the Marmosets busy with a few verses of 'Dough – some stuff to knead for bread, Ray – a member of Ghostbusters...' the priest exorcised them. Which only goes to show how stupid quasi-ghouls are when it comes to getting domestic staff...

Next week, the boyhood of Martin Wimply, and the importance of tapioca!

WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story **DAN ABNETT** Art **BRIAN WILLIAMSON** and **DAVE HARWOOD** and **ROBIN BOUTTELL**



Friday, 13th April 1990

Good Friday – hah! Some joke. What’s so good about spending your evening up to your waist in soupy, foul-smelling water? I should’ve known that it wasn’t going to be a bed of roses when I noticed the date – a Friday the thirteenth. Should’ve stayed in bed.

The bad news came in the shape of a call around tea-time, just when Peter and I thought the day’s shift was going to pass off uneventfully. A garbage scow, that a tug was towing up the Hudson River, had rammed an underwater obstruction and the Harbour Master and the police, after passing the matter to and fro between themselves for a while had eventually sent for us. Why? I wanted to know.

I still wanted to know as we edged the Busterboat out into midchannel alongside the police launches and the stricken scow. The fresh spring day was drawing to a close, and an evening breeze was gusting down the darkening river. Peter and I checked our special amphibian packs – Proton Packs, Guns and uniforms specially sealed against moisture, and boarded the main police launch. We still didn’t know what it was all about, but it was clear why they had sent for us. The PKE meters on the bridge of the Busterboat (a twenty foot custom launch

we use for maritime contracts) had been clucking like a battery farm since we’d entered the vicinity.

The grim-faced harbour master approached us as we boarded the boat. “I’ll be frank,” he said sternly. “Fine,” Peter replied, “I’ll be Peter and he’ll be Winston.”

The Harbour Master asked me if having a jackass along for the ride really helped us do our job, and I told him that Peter only became a jackass when he was nervous. The Harbour Master reflected that Peter must be nervous most of the time.

The problem was a deeply spooky piece of bad craziness, and the Harbour Master told us all about it under the watchful and anxious gaze of the assembled police, divers and pressmen on the boat. That afternoon, he explained, the garbage barge had hit an obstruction in the navigation channel. The port authorities had sent down a frogman who revealed the obstruction to be the wrecked hulk of a cargo ship called the *Lady Lazarus*. The *Lady Lazarus* had gone missing with all hands in a freak typhoon nine years before ... off the east coast of Africa.

This, we agreed, was particularly spooky. Peter looked at me and shrugged, and was about to say that there was no doubt about it – we were going to have to get into the water and check this one out, when one of the tug pilots gave a cry of alarm. There was a thunderous gurgling noise coming from off the port bow. It was dark by now, but the combined floodlights of the police launches illuminated a patch of seething water quite nicely, and we watched in disbelief as the tattered, rusted, barnacle-clad wreck of the *Lady Lazarus* rose up out of the water in front of us.

Saturday, 14th April 1990

Saturday morning came round to find Peter and I tired and chilled. Most of the night we’d been cautiously searching the wreck, clambering about in the muddy

water that half-filled the decks. We'd found nothing at all, nothing to explain the bizarre reappearance of a ship that disappeared nine years ago and thousands of miles away. Well, almost nothing. We found one thing – a greyish green object that was shaped just like an egg. We found it in the cargo hold, and maybe we would have thought it was an egg, if it hadn't been four feet across.

"What do you think?" I asked Peter in the echoing confines of the sinister hold.

"Don't know," he replied, "but it is Easter . . ."

So we returned to HQ and took the 'egg' with us. We promised to let the Harbour Master know the moment we got any results, and for them, I suppose, the case was closed and filed away under 'odd things'. For us, there was the problem of a massive egg-like thing that was cluttering up reception. Egon was quite interested in it all, but had more 'important' matters to deal with. A postman from Idaho had sent in a collection of ninety-seven thulking straps and the cataloguing was going to take some time. "Besides," said Egon. "It can't be an egg. No chick, or young lizard, would be strong enough to hatch out of an egg shell as massive and strong as that."

"Unless it had a big sharp pointy beak," put in Ray.

"Oh yes, unless it had a big sharp pointy beak," agreed Egon, and went off to his lab.

Sunday, 15th April 1990

Peter woke me at three with the words "What's the worst thing I could tell you?"

"It's started tapping," I replied with conviction.

He smiled and nodded. "It's started tapping," he repeated. Before too long, the four of us stood there in our pyjamas, looking at the massive egg which was definitely tapping away. Ray finally spoke after a long pause. "We'd better be ready for it. Egon, go grab all the

sensor apparatus you've got and assemble it around the Egg. PKE, wide band Ecto-rhythmic, infra-red, the works. We'll record every moment of this. Peter, Winston, get three Ecto-splat cannons set up on tripods, we can't take any chances. I'll make some peanut butter and lemon-curd sandwiches. We must all be hungry."

We raced off to our appointed tasks and were all back within three minutes laden with equipment and/or sandwiches. But we were too late. The egg shell lay scattered on the HQ floor, the main doors of the station were ajar. There was no sign of the egg's contents anywhere.



Monday, 16th April 1990

Sometimes mysteries end up as much a mystery as they start. Egon reckons that it was an egg of the legendary Giant Roc of Arabia that the Captain of the *Lady Lazarus* had found on his voyages. But who can say? All Peter can say is 'If that was the egg, I don't want to see the Bunny,' but that's Peter for you. Ray was more philosophical about it. He says that whether it's a roc, a turkey or a pterodactyl, whatever it is that's on the loose out there won't stay hidden for long, and then we're likely to be meeting up with it again.

I've got a feeling he's right.

GHOST-NAPPERS

This posse of ghost-napping bandido's rode into The Real Ghostbusters' HQ, gunning for Slimer, who they accused of betraying the Ecto-World. They travelled across the Ghostlahoma desert on their spectral nags, intent on lassoing traitorous spooks, and when news filtered through the ghoul-grapevine that Slimer shared his (after!) life with humans. . ! Well, you can imagine, can't you – our favourite spook was not exactly flavour of the month! The Ghost-nappers usual trick was to disappear down into

the depths of sewers, while Ami-ghost, their leader, assaulted unsuspecting victims with his atrocious version of 'Whip Crack Away!' Fortunately, The Real Ghostbuters managed to sniff out their little hide-away and rescue Slimer from being deplasmalized. The show-down in question is usually referred to as the Proton Gun-fight at the Smelly Canal!



Hanna-Barbera

**NEANDERTHAL
NINCOMPOOPS!**



**PIC-A-NIC BASKET
PANDEMONIUM!**



**MONSTER MASHING
MONGRELS!**



CARTOON TIME™

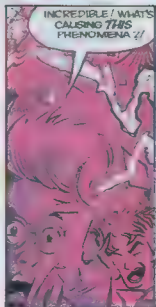
(Not to mention the Oxford English Dictionary!)

**24 FULL COLOUR PAGES EVERY
FORTNIGHT!**

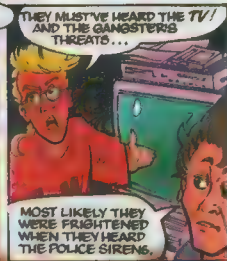
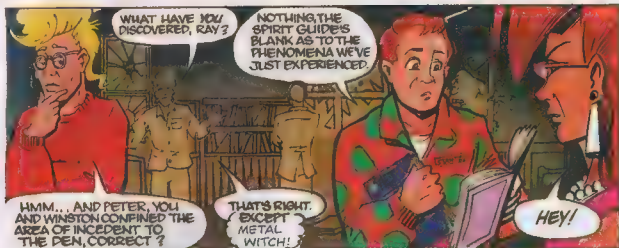
MARVEL®

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS

Part Three: Webby, Muldoon and his gangsters are on the loose, and are going to get their revenge on Caesar Caddoni, but they have mistaken Ghostbusters' HQ for Caddoni's hide-out.

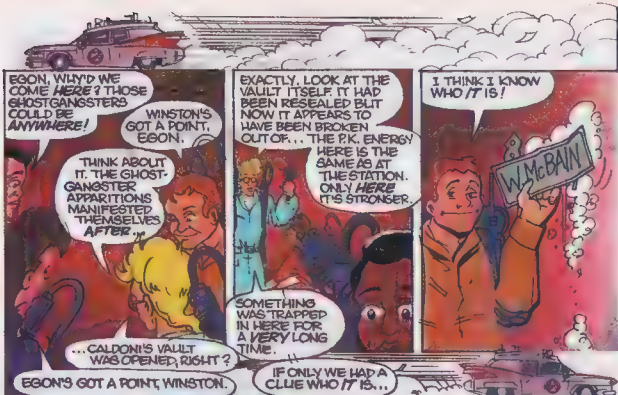






REEER! REER! REER!





EGON, WHY'D WE COME HERE? THOSE GHOSTGANGSTERS COULD BE ANYWHERE!

WINSTON'S GOT A POINT, EGON.

THINK ABOUT IT. THE GHOSTGANGSTER APPARITIONS MANIFESTED THEMSELVES AFTER...

...CALDONI'S VAULT WAS OPENED, RIGHT?

EGON'S GOT A POINT, WINSTON.

EXACTLY. LOOK AT THE VAULT ITSELF. IT HAD BEEN RESEALED BUT NOW IT APPEARS TO HAVE BEEN BROKEN OUT OF... THE P.K. ENERGY HERE IS THE SAME AS AT THE STATION. ONLY HERE IT'S STRONGER.

SOMETHING WAS TRAPPED IN HERE FOR A VERY LONG TIME.

IF ONLY WE HAD A CLUE WHO IT IS...

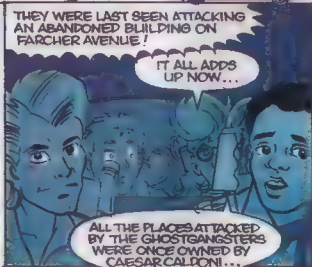
I THINK I KNOW WHO IT IS!

W. McBAIN



JANINE TO ECTO-1, I'VE GOT UPDATES ON GHOSTGANGSTERS SIGHTINGS...

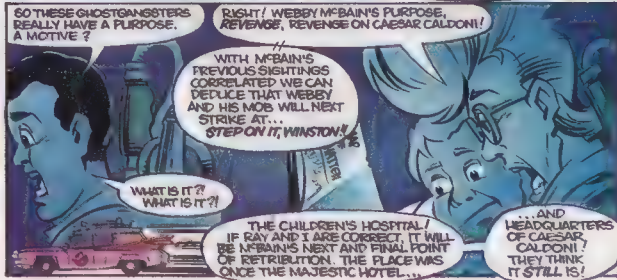
GO AHEAD, JANINE!



THEY WERE LAST SEEN ATTACKING AN ABANDONED BUILDING ON FARCHER AVENUE!

IT ALL ADDS UP NOW...

ALL THE PLACES ATTACKED BY THE GHOSTGANGSTERS WERE ONCE OWNED BY CAESAR CALDONI...



SO THESE GHOSTGANGSTERS REALLY HAVE A PURPOSE. A MOTIVE?

RIGHT! WEBBY MCBAIN'S PURPOSE, REVENGE, REVENGE ON CAESAR CALDONI!

WITH MCBAIN'S PREVIOUS SIGHTINGS CORRELATED WE CAN DEDUCE THAT WEBBY AND HIS MOB WILL NEXT STRIKE AT... STEP ON IT, WINSTON!

WHAT IS IT? WHAT IS IT?!

THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL! IF RAY AND I ARE CORRECT, IT WILL BE MCBAIN'S NEXT AND FINAL POINT OF RETRIBUTION. THE PLACE WAS ONCE THE MAJESTIC HOTEL...

...AND HEADQUARTERS OF CAESAR CALDONI! THEY THINK IT STILL IS!

"I JUST HOPE WE'RE NOT TOO LATE."

CALDONI'S VAULT WAS REALLY HIS GARAGE...?

HEH, HEH, YEAH!

WOW, WHAT A RIP!

I GAVE LIP ON RAMANAJAAN WHEN HE DID THAT SPECIAL REPORT ON THIS CHILD THAT HAD FALLEN INTO ANOTHER DIMENSION IN HER ROOM...

OH, RIGHT! THEY DISCOVERED THE KID WAS HIDING IN THE AIRING CUPBOARD EATING!!

HUINH?!

HA, HA, HA! SHE GOT STUCK THERE LIKE A BIG OL' FAT BEAR!

SO HE SAYS, "WHAT'LL WE FIND?... MONEY?... GUNS?... A BODY?!"

OKAY, SO WHAT WAS INSIDE?

NOTHING.

NOTHING?!

JUST GARBAGE AND BITS OF A JUNKED CAR!

IT LOOKS LIKE OUR HEROES ARE TOO LATE...

STEP ON IT, ROD! GET US IN GOOD!

LET'S SHOW THESE GOONS HOW TA HIT !!!

MOMMA !!

DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!
Dare you read on?



One evening, shortly before the outbreak of World War One, an Irish ghost-hunter called Elliott O'Donnell was fishing in a place called Dalkey, in Ireland. He could only see a short distance ahead due to the miserable weather, but because he had caught a fair amount of fish already, he decided to stay in the same spot. However, all of a sudden, the fish disappeared, and he was left with a chilling feeling that things were not quite right in the depths below.

Elliott decided to move away after all, but discovered to his horror that his body was rooted to the spot, and his cries of

alarm were nothing but a deadened silence. He realised that a powerful, unknown entity was in force, and he stood motionless as a glow of bright water emerged from the approaching darkness. Before long, O'Donnell found himself in the midst of a terrifying whirlpool, and from its centre rose the familiar facial image of a friend who had recently drowned. The features were the same apart from the deadly, staring eyes which seemed to convey a warning of terror.

O'Donnell wondered if he had imagined it all. He closed his eyes and opened them again in the hope that it was just a bad dream. The image still haunted him as

before. He caught sight of a gold tooth, which convinced him that it was the face of his dead friend. The staring eyes began to fade, and the water seemed to calm down gradually.

Gathering up his fishing tackle, Elliott shouted out to another boat for help. Shortly after the boatmen had come to his rescue, Elliott turned to one of the men, and enquired if there was anything odd about the site where he had been fishing. 'Strange you should say that,' replied the man. 'It's about this time of the year that Irishmen destined to die an unnatural death are forewarned by the ghostly spirits of the drowned.'



GHOST WRITING!



Yup, I have returned to once again face something more horrifying than a Class seven half-torso vaporous repeater ... your spelling!

Dear Peter ...

1. Why do you try to be so cool?
2. How fast can ECTO-1 go?
3. How big is Slimer's mouth?
4. In issue eighty-nine in the story *Air Ghostess*, why didn't the busting equipment harm the plane?
5. Do you believe the stories in *Dead True?*
— Martin Scott, Newcastle-upon-Tyne

1. Hey, kid, who's trying? 2. The speedometer on the *Ectomobile* gives speeds up to one hundred and eighty miles per hour, but in reality, it depends on who's driving! Winston never was one to conform to such minor scales!
3. Too big! 4. Good question. The amount of structural damage caused by our Proton Streams all depends on the

setting they're on. In this case, we didn't need to use a high setting, so structural damage was minimal. Good job it wasn't a major demon, eh? 5. Of course I do! They're dead true, honest!

1. Which kind of ghost do you bust the most?
2. Which ghost do you hate the most?
3. Where did Egon learn all his science?
4. Tell Slimer I think he's cute!
5. Does Janine ever help bust ghosts?
— Sherina Phillips, Sheffield

Thanks for your questions, Sherina. 1. Most of the callouts we get are to run-of-the-mill ghosts. They are the spirits who aren't haunting for any real reason, but who are just a bit confused and have lost their way. They're pretty harmless, so we don't bust them as such, but give them a bit of spiritual guidance and send them on their way! 2. It's tempting to say Slimer, but I'm just joking! Gremlins! I loathe gremlins. They think their irritating pranks are really clever, pahl! 3. At Weaver Hall University, but something tells me that he was one of those kids who got through books like the rest of us did cookies!
4. YEUK! 5. Yeah, she's busted several ghosts!

1. Who bought the firehouse?
2. Why do you hate Slimer?
— Ricard Yeomans, East Preston

1. It was Ray who originally bought our HQ because he was the one who really got

the team into action in the first place. 2. I don't really hate Slimer. He just has some gross and annoying habits, such as sliming me and getting to my West Pier Pizza before I do. I can't stand that!

1. Does every Ghostbuster have a PKE meter?
2. Will there be a Fact File on Mr. Stay-Puft?
3. Why do we never see the Ghostbusters in Blimey! It's Slimer?
— Kenneth Lauder, Scotland.

1. Well now, Kenny, my main man. Each of us Ghostbusters have our own Proton Packs and Guns, our own jumpsuits, and yes, our own Psycho-kinetic Energy meters. Oh, yeah, and don't forget our very own Ghost Trap. Hey, where would we be without those, eh? 2. There was one in issue twenty-nine. Now you're not trying to tell me that you missed it, are you? We'll be sending old Zuul round pretty soon if you miss another one!
3. What? You missed issue ten and issue twenty-six. Right, off you go, Zuulie, you old devil!

1. Why does Ray like the Fire Pole the best of all of you?
2. How many times has the Ecto-Containment Unit been shut off?
— Steven Richards, Southampton.

1. We all love the Fire Pole, even Egon uses it when no-one is looking. 2. Thankfully not too many times. I remember Walter Peck shut it down years ago, but you all know that!

Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2

ADVERTISEMENT



Choowey Woowey Bars
for Spooks.

10P



SLIMERS JUST DISCOVERED IT—HAVE YOU?

SQUIRREL CHIX, CANADA STREET STOCKERT SK2 6E6 TEL: 961-483-1141

SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**
Marvel Comics Ltd
13/15 Arundel Street
London
WC2



What is green and slimy and goes up and down?
Slimer in a lift!

– Niki Mann, Macclesfield

What is the first meal that a monster has after having his false teeth fitted?
The dentist!

– Anon, Kent

What is a ghostly sheep with no legs and head?
A cloud!

– Stephen Reed, Leeds

What do modern witches fly on?

Broom-broom sticks!

– Kenneth Hague, Rotherham

What did the mummy ghost say to her child when they got in the car?

"Fasten your sheet-belt!"

– Stuart Furlonger, Dorking

What is the Ghostbusters' favourite type of food?

Toasted Marshmallow!

– Peter Barraclough, Scotland



Make sure that you get your copy of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** every week! With your parents permission, fill in the order coupon with your name and address and hand it to your newsagent, telling him whether you want your copy reserved for collection or delivered to your door.

To my newsagent:
Please reserve me a copy of
Marvel's **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** comic every week.
Reserve it for collection*/
Deliver it with our regular
paper order*

*Delete as applicable.

NAME

ADDRESS

.....

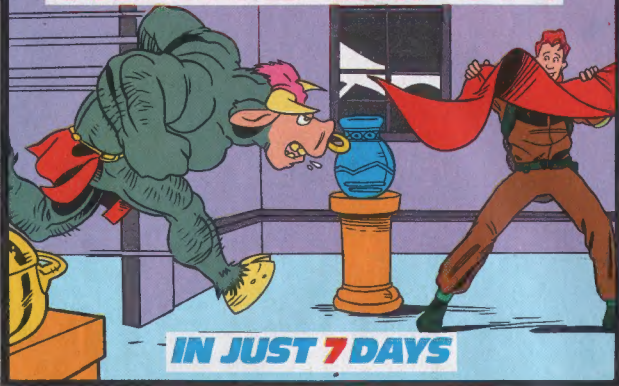
.....

.....

SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR
GUARDIAN

.....

CHARGE 'EM UP!

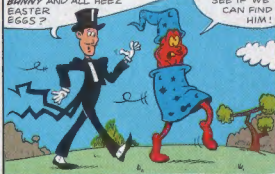


BLIMEY!
IT'S...

SLIMAIR!

EET BEZ EASTER TODAY, WEEZ.
BUT WHERE EEZ ZEE EASTER
BUNNY AND ALL HEEZ
EASTER EGGS?

I DINNO, PRESTO! LET'S
SEE IF WE
CAN FIND
HIM!



COR DE
BLIMEY!

SUFFERING
SPELLS!



SLIMAIR!!

AND HE'S SCOFFED
ALL THE EASTER
BUNNY'S EGGS!

HAPPY SNAPPY
EASTER!

